this clay ages ago-fossils of fishes from six to thirty-six inches long, not to be found elsewhere, and a great variety of fossilized animals, generally of the tertiary period of geology. The camel, rhinoceros and the hippopotamus lived here once, and the tapir was abunciant, although neither has been known to the Arperican continent since its discovery by man. The most valuable fossils, however, represent extinct mammals saurians from fifty to 100 feet in length and different examples of the brontotheridal family which have never been found elsewhere. A complete skeleton of a full-grown specimen can be seen in the Peabody museum at Harvard, and resembles a buffalo as big as an elephant. The smaller ones are not less than twelve feet long and nine feet high. Another remarkable amimal called the oreodon used to travel in droves throughout the Bad Lands, and a three-toed horse with hoofs like a deer. There was also a lion as large as the South African species and a strange animal called the dinocerus with four horns on his skull.

But Gov. Roosevelt took more interest in mountain sheep, elk and antelope than he did n the fossilized remains of prehistoric animal life, and spent the greater part of several years enjoying sport which he has himself described in his charming books. "Roosevelt was no tenderfoot, not even

"Roosevelt was no tenderfoot, not even when he first came out here," said Billy Hofer, the most famous guide in the Yeilowstone Park, the most famous guide in the Yeilowstone Park, the man who had charge of the hunter's caoin on the wooded island at the World's Fair, and whose chief business is to caton wild animals for the Smithsonian Institution, "and he's got all the grit any one needs. I was hunting oug game with him down in the Big Horn late one lait," continued Billy, "whon we were overtaken by a snowstorm. Man and boy I have been out in the weather all my life and am about as tough as they make "em, but that was about the worst storm that ever caught me on an open range and no shelter for eighty miles. We were traveiling light, too. We didn't have nothing but our blankets and some cold pork and biscults in our grab bags, and didn't have no chance to make coffee. I thought Roosevelt would be prenty much used up. I could have oried like a girl myself, but he never let on that he was hungry or cold or but what he was as comfortable as if he had been in the Capitol at Albany; and what made it worse his horse got to bucking. He was an ugly beast, anyhow, and the weather gave him the tantrums. You see it in horses that way sometimes. They sort of blams you for what they suffer from the storm and cold and act contrary.

"One morning while we were starting out

"You billy by Godfrey, says he, pulling Roosevelt, says I.

"No, Billy, by Godfrey, says he, pulling his thumb back into joint and showing his teeth as big as gravesiones; Tve started out to teach this critter who is master, says he, and I'm not a man to throw up a good job,

vicinity of Medora, which from 1850 to 1850 was the livelest and roughest cattle town in the United States; but the business has undergone a complete revolution, the wire fence has shut out the festive cowboy, renening has lost its romance and is a commonplace business proposition.

las shut out the festive cowboy, ranching has lost its romance and is a commonplace business proposition.

Medora owes its existence to the mistaken enterprise of the Marquis de Mores, a French nobleman who was atterward killed by the savages in South Africa, and was named in honor of his wife, who was a daughter of Baron von Hoffman, a German banker in New York city. The Marquis, who was a man of fertile imagination and undring energy, conceived the idea that it was better to slaughter beef on the range and slip the carcasses in refrigerator cars to market instead of sending the cattle East by oars, and it cost him upward of \$500,000 to find out the contrary. He erocted a complete slaughtering establishment at Medora, with all the conveniences that ingenuity and experience could contrive, and purchased 25,000 or 39,000 acres of land for grazing purposes. His vast establishment remains empty and useless. His residence, which is one of the finest in North Dakota, is in charge of a caretaker. The property is for sale, but there are no purchasers.

The only men in Medora who were here in Roosevert's time are the Ferris brothers, Sylvanus and Joe the best known ranches in

are no purchasers.

The only men in Medora who were here in Roosevet's time are the Ferris brothers, Sylvanus and Joe, the best-known ranchmen in this locality, whose reputation extends all over the Northwest. Joe is postmaster, keeps a big store, and enjoys the unique distinction of being the only Mayor Medora ever had, the has served in that office continuously for eighteen years, and usually has been unanimously reelected. Sometimes a few votes are cast against him for a joke. Joe's store has been the principal outfitting place for ranchmen and cowboys in the little Missouri country and may be considered the centre of civilization in this section.

Sylvanus is the cattleman of the family, and was Roosevelt's tutor in the science of cow-punching. He is a man of equeation, with a knowledge of the world.

There isn't much to tell, said he in reply to my inquiries. "Roosevelt was ranching here for several years, spending every season with us and doing his share of the ranch and range work like the rest of the men. I cannot remember any particular incidents that are worth repeating. Those I have seen published in the papers since he was nominated for Vice-President are not true, at least they did not happen to him while he was in this part of the country, although it was easy to see from the local coler and the names that are used that in the papers since he was nominated for vicePresident are not true, at least they did not 
happen to him while he was in this part of the 
country, although it was easy to see from the 
local color and the names that are used that 
they were written by people familiar with 
affairs in Medora. If he had heen a different 
cort of a man-a dude, or a fool, or a tenderfoot—there would, doubtless, have been interesting stories to tell about him, but he was 
just an ordinary, everyday compuncher like 
myself. He asked no favors and he got none. 
There was a prejudice against him at first, 
as there always is among the cowb yx against 
city men, but when they saw that he could 
ride a bronce and shoot and rope a steer as 
well as any of them, and had no nodons of 
putting on airs they began to like him, and 
he soon settled down into the routine with 
them as if he had never done anything eise 
in his life. Cowboys are quick of perception, 
they have keen judgment, and size up a man 
pretty quick and pretty accurately. When they 
see an honest, genuine, brave gentleman they 
recognize him and respect him and yield to 
his influence very readily, and that is the way 
they sized up Roosevelt. He didn't put on 
any airs; he took care of his own string of 
horses, he slept under the same blankets with 
the men; he ate off a tin plate from a wooden 
ween the cactus burs beside them; he rode 
the lines at night when his turn came, rain or 
shine; he took his turn in hunting up lost horses 
and steers; he never kicked and he never 
grumbled, and he never shirked. He took 
everything that came his way, as if he liked it. 
He was a fearless rider, continued Mr. 
Sylvanus Ferris. He wasn't afraid to mount 
anything with four legs, and there is a good 
deal of chained lightning inside of a horse 
hide sometimes. He took a lot of satisfaction 
in breaking horses in bronce busting, as 
the story writers call it and he could tame 
down a victous and tricky beast as well as 
anybody. He never did it for show, but from 
a the s

RANCHMEN ALL LIKED HIM.

REASONS FOR ROOSEVELT'S POPULARITY IN THE FAR WEST.

He Had Manilaces, Nerve and Tact, and Eastly Conquered the Prejudice Against "Tenderfeet"—His Life on the Western Plains.

From the Chicago Record.

MEDORA, N. D., Aug. 7.—The ranchrana and cowboys in North Dakota and eastern Montana remember Gov. Rocsevelt very kindly and consider him one of themselves. He has also many warm friends among the hunters and guides in the Big Horn Basin, Jackson's Hole and the Yellowstone Park, where he has hunted big game. Most of his hunting has been done in the Bad Lands of the little Missouri River—the Mauvalae Terres, as the early French vorageurs termed them—great areas of clay through which the floods of past ages have washed out labyriths of cafions, some of them 500 and 600 feet deep, miniatures of the Grant Ganon of the Colorado and the casion of the Yellowstone repeated a thousand times.

There has always been good shooting in the Bad Lands. They were the winter feexing grounds for big game and the best sheker from storms to be found in this part of the Country. It was easy to approach the animals and it was difficult for them to escape, so that they have nearly all been killed off. For rale-ontologists the Bad Lands are the most attactive field of labor on the entire globe. No other spot has recoived so much scientific sitemators, and the response of the colorado and the casion of the

"No, Mr. Roosevelt never killed his man; that is a mistake, a newspaper yarn, like one I read the other day about the cowboys fooling him by shifting his saddle with the ponmel to the tail of the pony. Nobody ever fooled Theodore Roosevelt about a horse. He arrested some thieves here one. He followed them down the river and campel for three or four days before he caught them, and then he marched through the snow for three or four days more until he landed them in the fail at Dickinson, and he may have drawn his gun when it was necessary, but he never shot any one. A drunken tough once fired at him in a barroom here, but koosevelt took no notice of it, and acted as if the shot was meant for somebody else. He had a good deal of tact in getting along with such critters.

somebody else. He had a good deal of tact in getting along with such critters.

Yes, continued Mr. Ferris, "there was a little incident, as you suggest. One of those drunken desperadoes that disgrace every new cattle ground, a bad man from Bitter Creek, did try it on him one night, but I don't rememcattle ground, a bad man from Bitter Creek, did try it on him one night, but I don't remember the circumstances. I wasn't present at the time and heard two or three versions of it afterward. As near as I can remember, this tough thought he would make some trouble for Rooseveit by missing upon his taking a drink with him at the bar. He knew that Roosevelt dien't like whiskey and never drank in such places, and concluded to make him do it. But he clin't know his man. So when he ordered the barkeeper to set out drinks for the crewd and invites everybody in the room to join him Roosevelt was the first person to step forward, and took the tough so by surprise that the fellow was actually rattled. Roosevelt dreed to stake hands with him and said: I con't know you stranger, but you seem to be a good fellow, and I think we might be friends. I never erink at a bar, and I don't like whiskey, but I will join in this time solely out of respect and admiration for you. The bystanders saw the sarcasm and got the laugh on the tough, but he was one of the best friends koosevelt had here afterward.

if he was one of the best friends Roosevelt at here afterward.
"When the war with Spain broke cut," concluded Mr. Ferris, "Sylvanus undertook to like a company for the Rough Riders and erry cowboy in this part of the country entited."

every cowboy in this part of the country enlisted."
"Yes," said Sylvanus, "I got letters and telegrams from neople 500 miles away, who used to live here and knew Roosevelt, and wanted me to put their names down, but when they found that they could not go with Roosevelt they wouldn't go with any one else, and the company disbanded. Yes, they would follow him anywhere, for they knew the man."
"How about the election up here?"
"Well, every cowboy in this part of the country will vote for Roosevelt, and so will every man that knows him. If any votes are cast against Theodore Roosevelt in this section of Dakota or across the line in Montana," said Joe Ferris, "they will be cast by strangers, by men who have come into the country since he left."

#### LIVES ON FRUIT AND NUTS. A Resident of Samoa Who Does Not Miss the Products of the Cook Stove.

From the Pacific Commercial Advertiser. Herbert Ossig has established himself in Samoa among his German fellow countrymen and may remain there. Mr. Ossia fived some years in Hawaii, learned English here and made many friends who will be glad to learn that he is doing well in his new home.

This young German is an interesting char-All of Rooseveit's ranching was done in the acter. No woman has a fairer complexion and a greater capacity for hard work. He lays it all to his diet. Ossig does not believe in mest eating anywhere, least of all in a tropical citmate. Nuts and fruit comprise his daily menu, his drink being distilled water and lemonade. Sometimes he tries the nut pastes and other preparations of a certain sanitorium, but as a rule he confines himself to the raw material.

"I used to est meat," he said before leaving for Samoa, "and I liked it." Reading convinced me that I could get more nourishment and fewer earth saits from fruit and nuts and after sticking to that diet for a while I got to loathing meat. At the same fine my general health improved my mind was clearer and my muscular vigor seemed to increase. Friends tell me that my complexion soon cleared up. "The thing to do for the sake of long lite and no formenting allments is to diminish the amount of earth saits that enters the system. These saits clog the arteries with calcareous derosits and bring on the phenomena of old age. The less onleareous matter the more juvenility. I use distilled water to dissolve such earth saits as my system has already absorbed and carry them away. The pure condensed steam, cooled in full and tightly-corked bottles, and drank without much exposure to the air absorbs these foreign substances and they pass off. Look at right one?"

Certain Ossig was the picture of health for Samoa, "and I liked it." Reading con-

forsign substances and the control of the control o

### FRIED AN EGG ON THE PAVEMENT. It Was Nicely Dene on Both Sides in Less Than Ten Minutes.

From the Chicago Times-Heraid. Washington, Aug. 12-Dr. A. J. Schafhirt, proprietor of a drug store at North Capital and H streets, this city, fried an egg on the asphalt payement in front of his pharmacy yesterday shortly before noon. The egg was done to the urning point in seven and a half minutes after it was broken on the concrete by Dr. Schafnirt. It was then turned over, as a cook flaps a pancake, and was thoroughly cooked within ten minutes.

A little negro who was among the witnesses of the trick asked for the egg after it had gone the rounds of curious bystanders and ate it with evident relish. A hundred or more em-ployees of the Government printing office,

ployees of the Government printing office, which is close by, watched the pharmacist oversee the egg-frying act.

Dr. Schafhirt had made the assertion that, judging from the heat registered by thermometers standing in the sun, it was hot enough to cook an egg on the pavement. Several friends who happened to be in his store chaffed and "joilled" the doctor for making such a suggestion, and finally he said he would prove to the doubters that he knew what he was talking about.

doubters that he knew what he was talking about.

A thermometer outside his store under the sun's rays at that monept registered 120 degrees. The doctor figured that he radiation of the heat from the concrete, which fairly sizzled under old Sel's attentions, meant that the degree of heat on the parement itself was near to 150 degrees. Accordingly he took an egg, and ricking out a place that was without any protection from the rays of the sun tapped the shell and let the contents fall on the fiery concrete.

He held a watch while the hot asphalt undemeant he sag and the unrelating rays of the sun over its surface gradually completed the frying process. The seg browned nicely and did not have time to run over a large sur-face of the street, as at first feared by the doc-

## From the Baltimore Sun.

Parkerspino, W. Va., Aug. 3.—John Lockard, one of the most remarkable men in the
State, die yestersay at Wadesville, axed tus
years and to months. Until Friday he never
knew a day's sickness. He lever took medicine,
never used chasses and never rode when he
e led walk. He used tobace and drank whishey in oderation. He could dance as irish
jix as well as any one ard only a few months
are walked eignteen mass to Parkersborg in
prefere ce to the fire. He was bore in Ireland,
but a ter i nocknes out a local champion in a
high helf-dito America and has lived here for
seventy-five years. He was the strongest man
in the county.

many of them selected by him to delevate
valued at many thousands of dollars. He
liked to show them to his guests and expatiate
on their merits.

He had sometimes talked of having a portrait
painted of 'tol.' Marron as a sort of it historical subject, and perhaps if he had carried out
his purpose things only in historical subject, and perhaps if he had carried out
his purpose, and put her plump Mexican foot on the
project.

One morning the brenciado went into the big
sala, or narler, for some purpose, and noted
with Indianation, that several paintings had
byen pulled from their frames and lay on the
foot act to them. They got down on their

ARISE,

ARISE, plain below and swooped down on an unwary enemy. During the war of the intervention he commanded as many as 1,400 dare devils, and once had made a dash into Querendaro, surprising and punishing awfully 4,000 French soldiers, some of whom had seen African serrice and all tough chaps. That exploit made the name of "Col." Marron famous. For a few days he was master of the city, and good imperialistic citizens were hiding in friendly louses, or getting away in the disguise of coton-clad peons. A dozen or more were ranged against a wall out by the cemetery and shot for "enemies of the republic." It was said that the "Colonel" did some extensive and profitable looting. Anyhow, he seemed, in after years, to have hidden treasure to resort to n case of financial difficulties.

The Emperor Maximilian went to his doom, and slowly peace returned. The iron-handed Juarez ruled in the City of Mexico and finished the anti-elerical programme begun years be and slowly peace returned. The iron-handed Juarez ruled in the City of Mexico and finished the anti-clerical programme begun years before by President Comonfort. Friats and nuns were bundled out of the convents and monasteries, great properties, the result of centuries of church rule, were sold to speculative people for whatever they chose to pay, and thus the great leveller, revolution, redistributed accumulated wealth. It seems a natural sort of process—it happened in Henry's time in England; it has occurred in many lands at different epochs. President Juarez gave place to President Lerdo, who was a milder man and had less strenuous work to accomplish, and, finally, there leomed high in the political firmament of Mexico a soldier of genius and the ablest of them all, the great-son of destiny, Portirio Diaz. Lerdo was beaten, and fleeing left the country. Thus the dawn of modern Mexico began. A man with vast and Napoleonic plans had begun to build a new national edifice a statesman who had no lear of American invasion, the friend of Grant and an encourager of railways.

It was, as has been said, some two years betore this restorer of order took Mexico in hand that "Col." Marron became the de facto owner of the ancient city house of the Allendes. Querendaro was a long way from the federal capital; times were goubtful: he had been a power in his region, and had shown that he could raise troops and command them to good purpose, and so his predatory tastes had to be overlooked by men at the capital. It was no time to bother about a fighting gentleman's peccadilloes.

The occupancy of the old house by the

peccadilloes.

The occupancy of the old house by the The occupancy of the old house by the guerrilla chleftain was characterized by prodigal expenditure, much cock fighting on Sunday afternoons and high gaming. Awful tales were told of people inveigled there, who were tortured into sending letters to their friends in distant places demanding large sums of money for some unmentioned purpose. One party in the city said these were high players who for some unmentioned purpose. One party in the city said these were high players who had to send home for money to meet debts of honor; but the few Moches, or Clerical party men, still alive, whispered that "Col." Marron was no Republican officer, but an out-and-out scoundrel. They only whispered this statement in the privacy of their own houses and with the deers barred. But Marron carried himself with a high head; he rode abroad with his bedyguard of friends all armed to the teeth, and nobody liked to taik of his doings. He had become possessed of all the bakerles and meat shops of the city, leased them to enterprising north-country Spaniards or to natives of a business turn of mind, and so had a comfertable monthly income of fully \$2,000. Thus, with extra income derived from queer scurces, he could live in the style becoming a gentleman and support his henclumen quite like an old-time feudal baren, and just as respectably. In fact, this type of strong, unscrupulous and resolute men paralleled, in the times spoken of, the followers of William the Conqueror; might makes right till lawyers and noteries come along with red scaling wax, much tape and stiff parchments. You have got to begin somewhere and somehow. Families of the aristocracy begin like the Duke of Argyll's race, by killing off troublesome property holders and selzing what they have.

The house was ample, like all old-fashioned Mexican houses, built on broad and generous principles, and suited to the patriarchal life of the people. Fitty guests could easily be accommodated there, and in the patmy days of the Allendes they entertained in baroniel style. Marron, their successor, was lavish in his hospitality.

Mexican houses, built on broad and generous principies, and suited to the patriarchal life of the people. Fifty guests could cossily be accommodated there, and in the paimy days of the Allendes they entertained in baronist style. Marron, their successor, was lavish in his hospitality. Nobody outside of his following lived there; he was a woman hater and allowed none of the gentler sex on the premises. His cooks were devoted followers. They would not be tempted to poison him.

No one exactly knows what went on in the house and its great gardens and enwalled orchards. There were "high links," much feasting, gambling and bistol practice. Occasionally strangers, apparently well to do, went to the house, and popular rumor ran that they did not always come out again. The Marron tenure lasted from 1874 till 1880. Then the Colonel, being old and worn with excitament and, most of all, with high living, fell ill and his spirit departed to unknown regions. The Mochos, who were unsympathetic, said he had gone to hell. But as he had merely lived as other able men had done in many periods of the world's history and gave of his substance to the poor at all times we may cherish the hope that he fared as well as any feudal buron.

A keen and prosperous lawyer named Don Micolas Valdemoro, about 30 years oid, was the next owner. How he arranged that little matter of the title I don't know. He probably satisfied, for a song, any legal heirs of the Allendes, and Marron's estate had passed into the hands of his only nephew.

The Licenchado Valdemoro was from Puebla, and was keen as the Poblonos have always been reputed to be. A Philadelphia lawyer would have had to take his dust on the highway of professional competition. And he was hard headed. He had come to Querendaro in 1888, two years before Marron died. He liked the place and, when the time came, bought it. His family consisted of his wife Elena and three children of between 12 and 18, two boys and a girl. He had perhaps ten servants, including the chief gardener, who had peon

library to fetch a book, and just inside the library door he found a wall, solid, on which you could rap with your knuckles and hurt them.

He had a queer feeling about the stomach and in the throat, and went back to his bedaroom to reflect and collect his senses. Then he returned to the library and found the wall ence more. It was a rough wall he could tell by the touch, but he could not see it. He retired discomfited.

Next morning, he having said nothing about the matter, he went once again to the library and found no wall. He accused himself of being a victim of an hallucination. But his brain was dizzy and his nerves unstrung.

The invisible builders were active for weeks; there were times when the dining room was obstructed, and always in the middle, across which a good stiff wall had been erected. Only no one could see it. Neighbors intimate with the Valdemore family were called in, and they felt the wall and were wonderstruck. In an hour the wall had vanished, and for months the family could move about freely: but a few weeks ago the house became again the scene of building operations. Valdemore called in an architect, who made measurements, and finally submitted a plan: it was, in outline, a very good sketch of the old Allende-Marron house: the old walls were rising just as they had before. Jokers said that the dead-andgene Allendes were recovering their property of which they had been dispossessed. The Valdemores moved out during such hours as the invisible builders made their walls passable. The house stands unoccupied: Valdemore is puzzling over a nice legal question, namely, the right of ghostly builders to erect a house within your own. The descendants of the old Mocho familles of the city are wagging their heads and saying, 'I told you so.' On some days you can wander all over Licenciado Valdemoro's new house; on other days you run up against unseeable walls.

The fame of the house is spreading beyond Querendaro. Some people fancy it is the work of the Allendes: most people fancy it is the work o house: the old walls were rising just as they had before. Jokers said that the dead-and gone Allendes were recovering their property, of which they had been dispossessed. The Valdemores moved out during such hours as the invisible builders made their walls passable. The house stands unoccupied, Valdemore is puzzling over a nice legal question, namely, the right of ghostly builders to erect a house within your own. The descendants of the old Mocho familles of the city are wagging their heads and saying, "I told you so." On some days you can wander all over Licenciado Valdemore's new house, on other days you run up against unseeable walls.

The fame of the house is spreading beyond Querendaro. Some people say it is the work of "Col." Marron and his henchmen. I don't pretend to know; I only put down the story as told by travellers from Querendaro.

THE FLEXICON MOVEMENT.

The New French Way of Marching is Old to the American Red Men.

From the Kansac City Journal

Anybody who knows any thing at all about medeen fighting knows that the North American Indian is the man who sets the pace First the American frontier-men studied his ways and adopted his tastics, and the soldiery took it up. Baden-Powell, so the plucky little South African general confesses, first read about American scouts and then took lessons from their

general confesses, first read about American scouts and then took lessons from their teachers, the Indians themselves But now there is a slip in the chain and France is studying the Indian without going to the trouble of first escertaining what the best scout in the world, the American solder, thinks about it. France is trying the "flexicon march."
"Never get the leg straight," are the French instructions. "Keep the back straight, but bent forward. Do not throw the shoulders

trick being tried by military, confesses, but, he goes on, he never heard of the trick being tried by military.

"I cannot discuss the merits of the 'flevicon,' 'the Captain said, 'because I am not familiar with it. From the description it is just about the way the Indian walks. His knee is never looked or thrust back, so as to have the log quite straight. The Indian never uses the heat to the exclusion of the log quite straight.

the leg quite straight. The Indian never uses the heel to the exclusion of the ball of the foot, but puts the sole down all at once. Not all Indians are footnen. I could name half a dozen tribes which, to my rersonal knowledge, go mounted always and almost everywhere, even about their camp.

"The flexicon movement the French experimentalists are said to be tinkering with and copying from our indians is about the movement a soldier gets when he is fatigued. I am not prepared to criticise it."

An English Army officer, a subaltern, here with the horse buyers, said concerning the new movement: movement:
"The French are the createst bunglers in the

The French are the createst bunglers in the the world. They get the wildest notions, 'fads.' I ought to call them, in their pages. I remember once they decided to dress every man in Madagassar in red flannel underciothing. Every man in he place got skin disease. Then they went in for natural wool, and the men got worse. They admitted red irritated the skin and then found that natural wool, being already charged with oil, could take up no more, so was worthless for absorbing perspiration. Now they are fiddling with the flexicon movement, vidently trying to step ahead of the United States in following the Indian, and overlooking the work the Indian does when he goes on what we call his 'dog trot,' scouting, they propose to imitate his walk.

"It is my observation that a soldier requires this flex con movement after be has gone about four miles loaded down with his equipment. The French may teach him to always walk tred to death, but I do not think we shall ever see the British or these American soldiers at it.

"Coming home to one's self, one would not like to start to his work in the morning with the tired out look and movement that he goes home with if he has earned his sait. It is a matter of pride to pull one's self together for the day."

## ABOUT 100 FEET OF SNAKE

The Estimated Length of a Serpent Whose Petrified Head and Tall Have Been Found.

From the Denver Republican. In ages gone by there were snakes in Colo rado perhaps 100 feet in length. Curator Will . Ferril of the State Historical Society, considers himself at liberty to make this statement, as the result of recent discoveries made in the vicinity of Florence. A huge monster has been discovered which proves beyond peradventure the snake story. Near Florence, W. F. Masters of Victor, found part of the petrified body of one colossal snake. The prehistoric reptile had a head fully the size of a ham and about the same shape. The erceptionally large eyes are placed as are those of an ordinary snake. The stone head is 38x36 inches. A piece of the stone head is 38x36 inches. A piece of the stone head is 38x36 inches. A piece of the stone tail found, which is 36 inches long, indicates that the reptile must have been 30 inches in circumference. Masters seems to think from the development of the tail that this particular snake was a young one, not fully developed. In that case those of the same family fully grown would be larger and much longer. In tending to Gov. Thomas the description of this important discovery Masters says that he will lorward a sketch as soon as possible. Ferril was asked by Gov. Thomas to use every means at his disposal to secure the specimenatione, together with as many others from the same locality as possible. Curator Ferril thinks that as the ossified head was found in the sandstone strata there must be mere specimens near at hand. These he will at once secure, if pessible, and will add them to the State collection. Master's letter to Gov. Thomas, which sets ferth the first vague and uncertain facts in this important discovery, is as fellows:

"Honored Sin: I have recently found a fo silof Victor, found part of the petrified body of

uncertain facis in this important discovery, is as fellows:

"Honored Sin: I have recently found a fo silzed specimen of a huge monster of a very singular character, and, thinking you were the one most likely to cite me to the proper person for further correspondence in regard to the matter, I would be pleased to have you refer the matter to proper authority and have the enclosed clipping written up in the Republican. If I have time I will send a rough sketch of the find. I think this is something not on record, and should be kept in the State museum."

### Travels of a Mobe Cat. From the Washington Post.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., Aug. 6.—A hobo cat, which likes to ride on the trucks beneath a partier car, and which has covered in that way more than a thousand miles in the last four days, is being petted here by local railroad men, with a view to in ucing it to give up its tours. Within view to including it to give up its tours. Within the past four days it has reavelled on the trucks from Cincinnati to Pittsburg and return on the Ohio Valley express, and has come as far as Parkersburg on its second rip. It is believed to be the same cat which recently journeyed in a similar way through Pennsylvania.

River, by Fort Graham and along Sylvester Post. The other members all turned back before long, but Weyhrich and Dominy kept on into the interior of Northwest Territory. They had bad luck. They found a little gold, but it was too fine and not in paying quantities. They had come so far for it that they could not bear to turn about empty-handed, and stayed on and on in the threat of the coming winter.

At last it caught them, and unable to travel further or to go back, they had to build a cabin at the lower end of McPherson Lake on the Yessezoo River, about five hundred miles from Dawson and 240 miles from Fort Liard, where were probably the nearest human beings. They knew they had not provisions enough to last the winter through, but rested easy in the hope of getting plenty of game.

Mr. Weyhrich writes merrify in his diary of their search for a good place for the cabin home and later tells how they built it. Their axes got very dull and nicked, and it was fearfully cold, the thermometer sometimes going down to 40 and even 65 degrees below zero. Still they seemed to be having a not unpleasant experience. Small game like pine martin and squirrel appeared to be plenty enough. But as winter settled down the game became very scarce and the provisions began to run low. The men kept living in the hope of getting a moose. Sometimes they found tracks; sometimes saw the game, but when the moose came it was too late for poor Weynrich. Last New Year's Day the two snow-sieged prospectors had a pathetic little celebration in their cabin. They knew by that time that there was small chance of either one seeing another New Year's Day. Weyhrich told of it in his diary. He made this entry:

"Jan. 1, 1900, Camp Winter Quarters."

Dominy rested so as to save his strength for moose to-morrow.

"I feet that the Lord has saved our souls, though our bodies perish by starvation or freezing. Our situation is very desperate. Living on two meals of thin soup.

"Jan. 8—Mr Dominy went moose hunting three miles up to the left. Saw moose on opposite mountain, but as it was getting dark and his strength was failing, he could not get at it, "We are eating buds of willow to stay gnawing pangs of hunger. Ate one little white weasel for breakfast. Our soup keeps getting thinner every day.

thinner every day.
"We are getting weaker fast and can't hold out many more days
"If relief in some shape does not come soon

"Mr. Dominy goes moose hunting every day. "Mr. Dominy goes moose hunting every day from one to four miles, breaking new trails with snowshoes without getting sight of any moose snowshoes without getting sight of any moose except one at dusk half way up the mountain. "Weather is cold, about thirty to forty below zero, and fine snow with wind from the north daily, which cuts through a person.

"We can hardly keep warm on the wood I can cut during the day time."

"Jan 10—Very cold. Snowed during the night and all day. Fine now.

Thee all gone. No living thing moving. The squirrels have crawled into their holes and the few remaining pine martens have dione the same.

"Mr. Dominy and I both went moose hunting up to Tarmergan Bench, three miles up the triver to the left. Saw no signs of any living thing.

"We both expect to die if we don't get outside relief within one week, as the snow is getting so deep and our strength is failing fast, "It all depends on our getting a moose, and they are not to be had.

"We are prepared to meet our Lord and Saviour in heaven, where care and sin and sorrow are no more. I will meet dear beloved mother and sister there with relatives and friends.

friends.

"Jan. 11.—Very cold, snow continuing, Almost impossible to move around camp without snowshoes. Snow is four feet deep on a

level.

"Flour all gone. No sign of moose or any other game. Not even a bird. We are living on one spoonful of vegetables and the tips of willows." on one spoonful of vegetables and the tips of willows."

For five days following this entry Weyhrich was too weak to write, evidently. Each day he merely entered the date and the name of the camp, "Winter Quarters."

The sad record closes Tuesday, Jan. 16. It seems as though Weyhrich knew it was to be the last entry. He wrote:

"Tuesday, Jan. 18, 1900. Winter quarters."

"Henry A. Weyhrich of Los Angeles, Cal. A. I., Dominy.

"Cold. Very cold. About three inches of snow fell last night.

"I have given up all hopes of living. My logs are so weak and thin they can't support my body."

I am a skeleton."

"I have given up all hopes of living. My legs are so weak and thin they can't support my body.

"I am a skeleton."

By one of those weird circumstances which are so often encountered where Bibles play a part, Weyhrich's dying message was written across the following verses in Acts:

"And now behold I go bound in the Spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there.

"Save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city saying that bonds and affections abide Me.

"But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear, unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus to testify the Gospel of the grace of God."

Two days after, Weyhrich went to his death with the utmost pluck and cheerfulness. He and Dominy sang songs all the morning untif the end came.

Dominy buried his friend and lived four months alone in the camp. Two days after Weyhrich died he managed to shoot a squirrel and five days after Weyhrich's death the longed for moose was slain. This saved Dominy's life.

When he regained his strength by food, he made a terrible journey across the snow to civilization and finally got safely home, carrying Weyhrich's diary and papers through all his hardships.

Weyhrich had many friends in this city, He was a native of Pekin, Ill., and came to Los Angeles in 1887.

Jerry Simpson's Shirt Waist. From the Chicago Times-Herald.

From the Chicago Times-Herold.

WICHITA, Kan., Aug. 12.—An inexhaustible source of popular wonderment is Jerry Simpson. The Medicine Lodge statesman spoke here yesterday, appearing in one of those soft, fluffy, cool creations, which until recently were to be found only in the wardrobe of woman. The garment had just been imported from the East, "it's a fine thing for political speakers," said Mr. Simpson, "and just what they have needed. I do not wear it for style, but for comfort. I expect to wear it during my campaign—"Then thinking, perhaps, of some of the libes the di closure of his lack of footgear several years ago caused, he added:
"Not the same one, because I have several I shall urge my friends to wear them."

The shirt-waist politician caused openmouthed amszement and considerable talk. His Populisi friends do not know whether their idol is trying to "shake" his common style of dress or whether he seeks more notoriety, but the change certainly heiped him, as he ran things nearly to his own notion in vesterday's convention.

When he was getting ready to jeave the hell.

Convention.

When he was retting ready to leave the hall, however, Mr. Simpson's nerve was not equal to the ordeal. He slipped into an ante-room and a few minutes later appeared on the street in his coat. He puttten, he said, so he wouldn't have werowd of boys following him.

· The Court of the State of the

LIFE IN THE SHARK TANK

Passing of the Pilot Fish and Introduction of

One of the Aquarium's most striking and attractive exhibits is a shark behind glass in a tank, where it can be approached and viewed close at hand. There are several sharks in the great central pool on the floor of the Aquarium, but they don't begin to fix the eye as this single one does, where the visitor can get within three or four feet of it and inspect it closely as it swims deliberately about. It is only about four feet long, but a shark is a shark, and even a four footer seen close at hand as this one is suggests strength, reserve power and ferocity. When the shark was first placed in the tank

there were put in with it two or three pilot fishes, taken from the pool whence the shark had come. Here they followed their natural habit of accompanying the shark in its goings about. They went where it did, swimming under it, alongside of it, somewhere near it, all the time; inseparable companions of the shark, and fearless of it ever. A pilot fish that was disturbed by parasites which made it itch, would deliberately rub itself exainst the shark's body and then turn round and rub the other side. The shark's skin serves this purpose well. Shark's skin, indeed, when properly cured, is sometimes put to the uses of sand paper. The shark never resented this

this purpose well. Shark's skin, indeed, when properly cured, is sometimes put to the uses of sand paper. The shark never resented this sort of thing; in fact, it paid no attention to it any more than a big steamer moving slowly along would pay attention to a small tug that rubbed against its side. But now and then the shark, happening to find an over-familiar pilot fish within reach, perhaps in the turning at the end of the tank, when it swung round to go down in the other direction in its consoless slow swimming, would nip at it as though resenting the pilot's audacity.

One after another, due to the accidents of captivity or to the natural course of things, the pilot fishes died, and there were placed in the tank to keep company with the shark two slazble vellow mackerel, and later, one little one, lightning quick fishes that are always on the go, as the shark is, though in a different manner. The shark came from Gravesend Bay, as did the two larger of the yellow mackerel. The little one came from Bermuda, but put in the tank it sought immediately the company of its older brothers in blood from Gravesend; it knew its kind at once, and it has stuck to them ever since. Occasionally, to be sure, the little one darts away from them for an excursion on its ewn account, as a little child runs away from its guardians, but it comes quickly back. The two big yellow mackerel hang closely together, and commonly the little one, in the turns and circles that they make in swimming, swims on the inside of the circle, so that with its shorter legs. It will have less ground to cover, or else to keep the bigger fishes between it and the shark.

For the yellow mackerel do not follow or accompany the shark as the pliot fish did. They may seem at times to be following him, but it will be noticed that they keep at a uniform distance from him, and that the distance fishes between it and the shark.

For the yellow mackerel seem to have a pretty clear opinion; but as it is, he just swims round and round slowly, but unendingly, somet

### THE MISSISSIPPI JETTIES.

Cost \$50,000 000, and Now Are to Be Turned Over to the Government. From the Washington Post.

"The Eads Jetties, in the South pass of the Mississippi delta, are now ready to be taken over by the Government," said Mr. Estell Mo-Henry of St. Louis, one of the administrators of the Eads estate, at the Raleigh last night. "The twenty years that the contractor was required to keep twenty-six feet of water flowing through the South pass have now expired, and every condition of the contract has been complied with. By the terms of the recent act of Congress the Government may assume control of the works by paying over to the Eads estate of the works by paying over to the Eads estate the \$50,000 yet remaining of the contract price. This will be done as soon as a purchase price for the plant has been agreed upon and other details cleared up. It is not likely that any obstacles will come in the way of a final settlement, as it is provided that the price to be paid for the plant, which is outside the contract price for building the jettles, is to be fixed by arbitration in case of a tailure to agree.

"The Mississippi jettles are among the most sizantic engineering feats of the world, costing in the neighborhood of \$50,000,000, and making a 26-foot change of the contract of the world.

in the neighborhood of \$50,000,000, and making a 26-foot channel out of a stream where there was formerly but eight feet of water. This has made of New Orleans a port for the largestamong ocean-going vessels, where otherwise only the smallest of craft could have crossed the bars.

"The Eads lettles, however, while they are up to the specifications of the contract will not

"The Eads jettles, however, while they are up to the specifications of the contract, will not meet the needs of the future. They are already building vessels that draw thirty feet of waver. It is now proposed that the Government shall build jettles in the Southwest pass that will make of it a channel with water for even larger than 30-foot draught ve sels. The Southwest pass has now only about eight feet of water, the slit the Mississippi brings down having filled up eight feet of it since the Eads jettles were built twenty years ago."

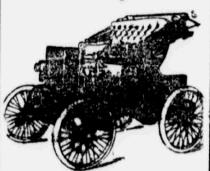
## The Froz Came Back.

From the Philadelphia Daily Evening Telegraph The firemen at Tenth and Arch streets, Camden, are mystifled at the sudden reappearance of a large bullfrog, weighing two pounds hat was kept and petted by them for several months. The frog was kept in a large aquarium, in which sunfish and carp were a so kept, but because scientific men told the firemen that the presence of the "rena esculenta" caused the stagnation of the water and consequent death of the fish, the firemen decided to kill the frog. Whether the frog, by mental telegraphy, became cognizant of his approaching execution or not is not known, but in less than fifteen minutes after he fate was decided the frog diappeared and was found in a water trough three blocks distant. There the firemen fed him with orumbs until about a month ago, when he again diappeared, and was supposed to have been killed by boys.

Yesterday he reappeared. While the firemen were polishing their harness they heard a gutteral "Ker-wuhl Ker-with!" and observed the frog hosping from the gutter toward the firehouse. He seemed to recognize his former friends jumped past them into the room and hopped directly into the aquarium. The fish, instead of being scared at the intruder manifested their delight by swimming near and disnorting themselves close to him.

Where the frog was during the intervening four weeks is a mystery, as is his recollection of his former friends. of a large builfrog, weighing two pounds hat

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PAT MURPHY AND THE MULES. Secret of the Method by Which He Watered

Thirteen Cantankerous Beasts. "They were Yankee mules," said the invalid British soldier on his way home from the Tran-Joubert's menthat did me up. I was at Colensand along the Tugela, and I saw some pretthet work most everywhere till the relief Ladysmith and not a thing happened to m I could face bullets and not wink an evelash

they had shot at me so often.
"I'll tell you just how it was. Ours was one of those mountain batteries which you unsered and pack around the country on the backs of horses. It worked all right, but the horse had a way of getting sick or used up marvelously quick and so some one told the authorities about the mules and they decided to turn the

battery into a mule battery.
"We don't have the brutes at home, so wa don't know much about them. There was a lot of them down at the Cape that had just come over from New Orleans and they say us up thirteen of them, the friskiest looking lot of big jackasses you ever saw; all but one old moth-eaten mole skin which they said could be used as the bell mare. You see the Yanks over there have a way of packing these mule and driving them in a string so that they follow a leader with a bell around her neck and this leader is called a bell mare. But those mules they sent up to us. I don't believe they had ever followed unything. The first thing they did was to stampede and it took the whole camp till dark to get them back into their stalls. The way the brutes had of backing around toward a fellow, laying their ears back and dancing their little heels till they got a crack at him was a caution. Only the old leader was docile like. She was so old there wasn't

a kick left in her. "That first day's experience was enough to make us all sick of mules, all but Lieut Jenks. Jenks wasn't there when the stampede took place and so he hadn't learned anything about the mules. I don't believe he knew a mule when he saw one, anyway. As luck would have it Jenks was orderly officer the day after the stampeding and Pat Murphy and I were the only privates left in camp. Pat was on stable duty and I felt rather sorry for him because he would be expected to water those mules, and I was pretty sure it would take every man in the battery to get them out of their stalls and back again. I think we both were in hopes the Lieutenant would forget all about the mule: having to be watered, but Pat said nothing to me and I said nothing to Pat. You see I was afraid I might be expected to help him.

Tound the most things to keep me busy that day I ever found before the mules came. It was near night and I was sweating over a gun carriage when Lieut, Jenks happened to think that the mules hadn't been watered. He ordered Pat to trot them out and water them. Pat saluted and said the blamed beart had been watered, but the Lieutenant wouldn't believe him and tool him rather sherply to water them again.

"Pat had been transferred to our battery from the bublin Fusiliers and he was generally form the bublin Fusiliers and he was generally from the bublin Fusiliers and he was generally from the bublin Fusiliers and he was generally for the was a generally of the said of the expense of poor Pat.

If there was a general was to be had at the expense of poor Pat.

If there was a general was to be had at the expense of poor Pat.

If the would have to finish that gun carriage before dark, and I couldn't be expected to help him. So he shambled away to the mules a kleking but presently they all quiets down and Pat comes out leading a mule just as quiet and tame as it could be.

"The Lieutenant stood by the watering tank to see how much that one didn't seen to want telling him to hurry uty when he led out a come of the mules might want through him to hurry uty was the might had been watered.

"I hadn't seen Pat water the mules and the some of the mules might want through him to hurry uty was the might had been wathered.

"I hadn't seen Pat water the mules and the Lieutenant hadn't, and he shouted after Pat that it made no difference, he must give them all a turn at the tank. Pat went to whistlin and bringing those mules out one after the other just as lamb like as though they had never kicked or stampeded in their lives till he had watered the thirteen of them.

"The hext day I was on stable duty and I thuse him had a leader to a large was corry, and he had cone it was corry, and he had cone it was the had been was corry, and he had cone it. We was goin the was corry, and he had one it. I wouldn't a got hurt. And all this ti

### Wrote His Own Epitaph. From the Baltimore Sun.

Hagerstown, Md., Aug. 14.—Albert Eichelberger of Milistone Point, who made an unsuccessful attempt to commit suicide Saturda by drinking laudanum, before taking the poison gave to his wife a note containing the following lines to be placed on his tembstone:

When I am dead and in my grave No more whish y will I crave; And on my tembstone have it wrote That many a gallon went down my throat The man is a saloonkeeper.

Horrible Saspicion.

From the Catholic Standard and Times. The timid suite: had finally stated his case.
"H.m.m!" began the girls father, tooking at him sternly. "Young man, can you support a family!"
"Oracl Heavens!" cried the young man. "have you loss your job!"